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Autobiography
of
RICHARD JONES JR. 17

I, Richard Jones Jr., son of Richard Jones and Mary J. Cummings, was born 15th. of Oct. 1856, at Provo, Utah. My parents then came to Heber, which was then called Provo Valley, with the very first company who came and brought their families with them with the intention of making homes and trying to raise grain and potatoes in this climate. This valley had been used as a summer range by the people of Provo City for some years, and there had been a little hay cut and a few head of cattle fed through the winter of 1858 said to be by Wm. Meeks, Wm. Cummings and Robert Part-er. Wm. M. Wall also had built a house and wintered some stock on the river below where Charleston was later built. But, in the spring of 1859 some 17 families came determined to establish homes where land and water were here ready to be used by those who had the courage to risk raising crops where the seasons were known to be very short and the snow in the winter fell usually from 2 to 3 feet deep and where they were practically shut in from December to April. This was the condition these brave men and women who settled here in early days had to contend with.

A survey of what was called the "big field" had been made and having brought their plows and farming implements with them they went to work on their claims usually 20 acres each. The land was not surveyed by the government until about 1875. They only had what was called "squatters rights" or claim to their land up to that time. In those days it was no disgrace to be poor because everybody was poor. Everybody used oxen for teams in those days for every purpose and though very slow and awkward to manage in many ways they were a very profitable team. We used to work them all day and then turn them out on the range to pick up their feed during the night. Then when they got too old for work we would turn them out on the hills in the spring-time after they had been used to put in the crops and let them get fat. And the poorer the oxen was when turned out the better and more tender the beef was in the fall. And the old ox was the fact that there was plenty of good bunch grass all over the valley among the sage brush and splendid feed in the canyons on the hills.

As a boy I attended school when it was in session, but schools at that time were not held more than two quarters in the year, and lacked a great deal of being up-to-date as we now have them. Still I got a fairly good start in reading writing and arithmetic so that I could do my own business without any trouble later in life. When quite young I can remember of working in the hay field with my father, bare-footed, and also during harvest time helping to rake the bundles of wheat and oats as my father and others cut them down with what we called a cradle. Later we got reapers drawn by horses to cut the grain which was quite an improvement, but for many years we still had to bind by hand. Hay also had to be cut with a scythe by hand which was very hard and very slow work.

The first suit of underwear I had was made by my mother out of common factory. I was then 12 years of age and was going out to Fort Bridger, Wyo. with a load of potatoes. I was driving one team and my father another. On our way back we stopped at the head of Echo Canyon and worked some time with our teams hauling ties for the Union Pacific Railroad that was being built. Men with teams got \$10. per day; wonderful wages in those days. When 8 or 9 years of age I used to go skating in the North field barefooted and I was not the only one who indulged in this sport.

About 1869 I went to work for Bishop Abram Hatch. He had horses and mules and I learned to drive them and a great many other useful things while in his employ.

(When about nineteen I was hired to a government surveying party. It was sometime in August, 1875, when four of us, Noah Mayo, David Murdock, Wm. G. Rasband and myself, left Heber on horse back and went out to join surveying parties. Noah Mayo and David Murdock returned home. There were three parties in the field running townships into forty-acre lots. One part was on the west and north boundary line. They wanted me to go with them out of the field onto the southwestern boundary line, so the main man told them that they could have me if I wanted to go with them. The man I was with in the field wanted to keep me, but he said if I wanted to go on the boundary to go ahead, so with that understanding I went on the southwestern boundary. We went down onto Green River to what is called Holebrook, about six or seven miles below the mouth of the Duchesne.

Will Rasband and I persuaded them to go back up Green River to the Uinta point of the 1. they spent one day moving back. We started from there and went across the mountains over into Antelope. We left

Richard Jones Jr.
Agnes Campbell

our team and provisions at what was called the Old Point of Rocks. We left them there for them to move into the Strawberry Valley, taking with us ten days' rations. We worked on across up Antelope to the head of Antelope, camping at the divide between the Minnie Maud and Antelope.

One night there came on a terrible kind of moaning, groaning wind, I said we had better go back and get more provisions for there was a big storm coming on. We talked it over and the boss said, "You're your own boss, you've got your own horse and saddle, so you can go back if you want to, I am going on. I have run lines in Minnesota over ten feet of snow." I said, "Well, I am not going back unless the outfit goes back, but I'll tell you one thing you can't run lines in these mountains over ten feet of snow." We got across two or three big box canyons in the mountains and then camped in the south branch of Wintiquin. All I was doing was trailing along as a helper around the camp. The surveyors were out eight or ten miles in the hills. It snowed pretty hard that night. When we got up the next morning the boss put me on the stoutest horse we had to get onto some high point to see if I could tell where we were. I started out, and all day I tried to get a glimpse of the country, but I couldn't. The camp was to move on up the right hand fork of the Wintiquin. We were scattered in three parties, that is, I was one party. I stayed out as long as I dared to before I finally started for camp. Just about dusk that evening I came on the trail where they had gone up the valley. The track of the horses in the snow had faded in till they looked like dog tracks, but I followed them until they got plainer and plainer as I was getting closer to them. Just at dark I came to them. It snowed all that night, in the morning when we got up we tied our horses up. During the day some of the snow melted and then during the night it froze, so when we go up in the morning we had to heat green quaking asp sticks before we could get the saddles on the horses. We threw away all of our packs and everything that was heavy. We even threw our tents away, and we just took what we could get along with. We had very little grub.

We traveled all day, along in the middle of the day we got into a dispute about which way to go. They all decided against me and wanted to go one way, and I wanted to go the other. We went the way the majority wanted to go. We circled for hours, the first thing we knew we came onto our old tracks, so we knew we were lost; so they went the way I wanted to go. We traveled on till night, along in the half light we came onto our old camp of the night before. We kept traveling, the snow got so deep that we had to break road for our horses. We traveled several days and ran out of grub, all we had was about five pounds of salt. We came to the head of a little canyon, kind of a cut through the mountain. I told them we had to go down the swale and it would lead us down to the Strawberry Valley. We had a big mountain range to cross to come into the Valley, and I had concluded by that time we couldn't get there, so Will Rasband joined with me in the same proposition, and we finally got them started down this draw in the mountains. At night we would have to tie our horses up and all they had to eat was dry quaking asp bark. We just built our beds on top of the snow. That swale led us down into a deep box canyon with precipices on both sides, and we came to some place where the snow was eight and ten feet high; so high that we couldn't get our horses over it + we had to push them over in the snow.

I don't know how many days we were without food, but before we got any food one fellow went kind of crazy. He got ahead in the trail and tried to stop us from going any further. There was one six shooter in the business. It belonged to this fellow's partner, Charlie Smith. I told him to let me have it, for it was impossible for us to pass the man with the knife without it. Finally he let me have the six shooter. I went up to the man and told him to let us go on and he could go slow, so I made him get out of the road and keep far enough away so he couldn't knife us. We followed that canyon down till we came to a big cottonwood grove. We stopped there and shot a horse and cut his throat. We were too weak to turn in and skin him, but we rolled him up on his back in the snow and cut out his liver and heart and boiled them in the camp kettles for a while. We had lots of wood for a big bonfire. After supper was over it was snowing and none of us could go to bed, so we went to work and skinned the horse and quartered him. We felt stronger and better after we got him quartered, so we cut the legs off and made soup of the bones. We were lucky to have a little salt to go into it. We sat around the fire all that night drinking soup. The next morning we moved on up a little wash and came to the Strawberry Valley. The reason we knew it was the Strawberry Valley was because we found some old sawdust around the edges in the drifts. There had been a saw mill up the river so we knew it must have been some sawdust that had been washed down the river.

We stopped there and got all the flesh off the horse, we strung it on ropes and so we could carry it easier. We were getting out of the area it wasn't nearly so deep. After another day

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we started down the Strawberry River, ~~and~~ there were no trails so we ^{rode} ~~travel-~~
~~ed~~ along, sometimes ~~over~~ land and sometimes right in the river. In some
places we had to wade for about a mile. When we could travel out of the
river our clothes would freeze stiff as ice. We followed Strawberry River
down till we came back onto the Duchesne to the Old Point of Rocks again.
We left the trail and took a cut-off to Duchesne. We made camp on the Duch-
esne River and took the lightest man in the crowd and put him on the strong-
est horse and started him out to the Uinta Agency at Whiterock to get sup-
plies.

While he was gone we tried to catch crows by putting grains of corn
that had been dropped on the old camp ground on some fish hooks that we
had, but we couldn't catch any. There were a lot of work oxen, and I tried
to persuade the boys to kill one of them, but they wouldn't. Then I want-
ed to rope one, snug him to a tree and cut his tail off and make ox-tail
soup, but they wouldn't do that. In a day or two Rob Snyder came along
from Ashley going toward Heber. We saw him when he was about a mile away, +
some of us got on a horse and stopped him. He came to camp on a horse, let-
ting his team go on. He brought us four or five big loaves of bread and
about a wash dish of potatoes. We got a meal out of that. Then we went
another day before provisions came. The next day our man came back. He
brought two Indians with plenty of provisions so we thought we would lay
over a day or two and recruit. We were still camped there when Captain
Dodge and Major Critchlow came in from towards Heber. They told us they
couldn't have got through but for a big herd of cattle that had come th-
rough and broken the trail. They told us it was impossible for us to get
back through, they persuaded us to turn around and go with them to the Uinta
Agency at Whiterock, from there we could go to Green River City and come
in on the U. P. Railroad.

We stayed at Whiterock one day. The next day we went to Ashley with
Capt. Dodge. He was the only white man living at Ashley. He had a log
cabin; I camped there that night, he persuaded me to stay with him that
winter. I was going to stay with him and the rest were going to Green
River City. While we were eating breakfast one morning before they made t
the start, my father and Fred Rasband came poking in through the door.
They got us to go back with them, my father said I would seem like a dead
man to my mother if I stayed out there all winter. There was one fellow
by the name of Ropper in the party, he had an old horse, and he begged us
to let him come with us. So the three of us of the surveying party, my
father and Fred Rasband came back this way. The cattle had beat a trail
through the snow and that enables us to come back through that trail. When
we got on the top in Strawberry Valley there were several wagons. They
all had two and three beds and wagon bows on and they were all snowed un-
der. The highest of the boxes stuck out four or six inches out of the snow.

We got to what was called the Soldier's Cabin in Strawberry Valley.
At that time it had nearly all been torn away and burned, but we had a
little hay for our horses and we got under the roof of a Soldier's Cabin.
It got so cold in the night we got some tents out of our provision wagon
and tore them up and put them on the horse. It got so cold we had to get
up in the night, the horses would stick their heads out and squeal like
pigs. We had to get out and run them up and down the trail through the
snow to keep them from freezing. The next day we came on and got to the
divide at the head of Daniels Creek. We could measure the snow, and there
was twelve feet of snow there. We camped there that night and came on over
the next day down Daniels Creek. We got home to Heber after dark on Dec.
6, 1875..

From my wages I had saved about \$200.00. I bought my mother a stove
with part of it. and soon after I decided to get married which I did to
Agnes Campbell, a very fine young woman. We were married on the 15th. of
May, 1876, in the Endowment House. I had money enough to buy a bed, ~~stead~~
a table and 6 chairs. We did not go in debt for a piano and fancy bed-
room suite as many of our young people do now. However, we did get a stove
and had it charged. I worked around at different jobs for several years.
I finally took up a homestead on Center Creek and we on to it about 1889.
We had to get water from Lake Creek. We spent several years grubbing the
sage brush, breaking up the land, and in building houses, barns and sheds,
making water ditches, and fences. It makes me feel tired yet just to think
of it. I don't know how I could ever have got all the sage brush grubbed
and burned off if I hadn't got old Uncle Rob Lindsay to help me with most
of it. I cut and hauled logging and timber from Center Creek canyon for
several years and hauled it to Park City to make money to buy clothing,
groceries and other necessities until I could make the farm, the cow, and
the chickens furnish a living for our family which by this time numbered
nine. I took up one of the best reservoir sites in Lake Creek Canyon that
helped me very much. I had water to irrigate my farm.

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Biography
of
AGNES CAMPBELL JONES

Agnes Campbell was the eldest daughter of Thomas Campbell and Elizabeth Davis. She was born at Cedar City, Utah, February 14, 1858, three years after the arrival of her parents in Utah from Scotland. At the time of her birth her mother had very little to eat for three days. The Indians were acting very bad and the men dare not go to the mill to get flour, but she finally traded a beautiful shawl she had brought from Scotland for flour to last them for a while. She could remember when quite young of her mother baking bread and cooking an ox to feed the men who were standing guard to prevent the Indians from coming in the town and taking their lives. They used to ring the bell for the people to gather in the meeting house when there was great danger. She remembered of the family living in a dug-out for some years. They suffered many hardships and privations while they lived in Cedar City. From there the family moved to Salina, but were driven from there by the Indians who stole all their stock. Then in 1865 they came to Heber where she spent her girlhood days. She was then seven years old. Here she went to school and got a fair education. She also attended Sunday school and learned many things pertaining to the gospel. Her parents also took great pains to teach and train her in the home, so she grew up in a full faith of the Gospel. She was a regular attendant at meeting and was a member of the choir. She was considered one of the nicest young women in Heber. She was married to Richard Jones Jr. in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, May 15, 1876, probably by Daniel H. Wells. They made their home in Heber the first few years of their married life and here some of the older children were born. Then her husband took up a homestead on Center Creek where the family were practically all raised. She was the mother of nine children, and was a very patient and affectionate wife to her husband and a true helpmate in every sense of the word. She made the best use of what came into her hands. She was a real lover of home and seldom left it for any purpose. Although never filling any public office in the church she had a full faith in the gospel and encouraged her children to help in every organization of the church. She was also faithful in the payment of her tithing. Her oldest son, Eddie, a very fine young man died of typhoid fever in 1910, which was the cause of much sorrow to her and the family, but she was never known to murmur or complain. She had been in poor health for some years and in November 1925 she was stricken with paralysis and from that time up to her death on January 2, 1926, she was unable to help herself to any extent. Her daughters waited on her day and night and did all that could possibly be done to make her comfortable up to the end. The funeral services were held in the Stake House and the building was filled with friends and relatives to show their sympathy. Sister Jane Hatch Turner composed and read the following lines at the services:

"When Mother goes to visit,
We feel so much alone,
The house is oh, so quiet,
It doesn't seem like home.
We wonder why she tarries,
What makes the train so late,
So anxious, we linger to greet her at the gate.

I know that up in Heaven
The meeting will be grand
While we down here repining
Feel heartsick, sore, and sad.
The old home will be lonely
The flowers not grow so well
There'll always be a longing
Far more than we can tell.
For, oh, the name of Mother
Means more than tongue can tell
The little children love it
The grown ups do, and well
They might bow at her shrine and worship
Kneel at her feet and pray
For well they loved that Mother
Now gone from them today."

My memories of Grandma are few but they are very sweet.

I can remember her coming across the street from her home to ours with her crisp white apron on over her gray house-dress, and her white wavy hair combed up so pretty and a bob on the top of her head. She used to come over and help Mom mix bread and work the butter. I used to get a little chair and stand by the table and watch her work the butter, she would cut off little dabs and put them on the side of the plate so that I could eat them. Then after mixing the bread she always had to leave some in the pan for me to play with.

No difference how worried or sick Grandma was when she sat down to rock a baby she always sang to it. Her favorite songs were some of the Old Scottish Melodies.

Today (Jan. 10, 1941) I went out to talk to Aunt Mamie (Mary Ann Campbell Clyde, Grandma's sister) she told me a few things pertaining to Grandma's girlhood. She said, "When Agnes and I were just girls we lived in a little log cabin that Father had built. Father used to get up early in the mornings and build the fire then Agnes and I would get up to prepare breakfast for the family. We would always start to sing, Agnes sang the lead and I sang alto, when the boys would wake up they would say "we thought we were in heaven"... Grandma sang in the first choir that was organized in Heber. Aunt Mamie said, "Our brothers were all grand to us, when we were still quite young they used to take us to the dances with them. Agnes loved to dance and she was a wonderful waltzer, she was also the best looking girl in Heber."

Grandma was the mother of nine children, they are as follows:

- Elizabeth Jones Lindsay
- Edward Jones
- Mary Agnes Jones Thomas
- Jantte C. Jones Ryan
- Thomas Jones
- Mabel Jones Hylton
- Dora Jones Bennion
- Nora Jones Murdock
- Wallace Jones

FUNERAL OF MRS. AGNES CAMPBELL JONES

Taken From
The Wasatch Wave January 8, 1926,

Mrs. Agnes Jones, wife of Richard Jones of Heber, died at the family residence last Saturday morning after an illness of about twelve weeks, due to paralytic stroke. The funeral services were held in the Stake Tabernacle on Monday afternoon and were well attended. Bishop George B. Stanley of the Heber First ward conducted the services, which opened by mixed voices singing, "Resting Now from Care and Sorrow." By request of Mrs. Jones Mrs. Vera Rasband, a grand daughter acted as accompanist for the musical numbers, and Miss Mary Lindsay, another grand daughter was one of the singers. Others were Mrs. Donna Montgomery, Mrs. Mabel Moulton, Frank S. Epperson and George B. Stanley.

The opening prayer was offered by William Lindsay and the benediction by Orson Hicken. Other musical numbers were a duet by Mesdames Moulton and Montgomery, "Wanted on the Other Side," a duet by Frank S. Epperson and Mary Lindsay "Just Beyond the Veil of Years," and a closing chorus, "Sometime We'll Understand."

The speakers were Mrs. Jane Hatch Turner, President Joseph R. Murdock, H. W. Harvey and Bishop George B. Stanley, each of whom eulogized the life of Mrs. Jones, particularly as that of a wife, mother and home maker. The body was interred in the Heber City cemetery, where Bishop Bennett Lindsay dedicated the grave.

Mrs. Jones was a daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Davis Campbell and was born at Cedar City, Feb. 14, 1858. She came to Heber with her parents in 1865 and resided here since that time. She was married to Richard Jones on May 15, 1876 and to them were born nine children, eight of whom survive, together with her husband, 34 grand children and 4 great grand children and many other relatives who mourn her loss.

The surviving children are Mrs. J. L. Lindsay, Mrs. Howard Thomas, Mrs. G. Frank Ryan, Thomas and Wallace Jones, Mrs. Labon Hylton and Mrs. Phares Murdock of Heber and Mrs. Dora Bennion of Idaho, all of whom were present at the services. One brother, James Campbell of Provo and two sisters, Mrs. J. W. Clyde of Heber and Mrs. Charles J. Wahlquist of Myton also survive and were at the services.

Among those present from out-of-town were Mrs. Wm. Campbell, Mrs. Annie Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Don Buys of Salt Lake City, W. D. Smith of Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell and Jeff Hundley of Provo, Leonard Smith and J. W. Jones of Park City.

CARD OF THANKS

We appreciate very highly the many acts of kindness made manifest in our behalf during the long illness and at the time of death and burial of our beloved wife and mother, Mrs. Agnes Jones, and we take this means of conveying to one and all our most sincere thanks for all that was done. We desire especially to mention the splendid funeral services held, the words of sympathy and condolence, the beautiful music, the banks of flowers etc. and the desire that all shall know we are deeply grateful for the same.

Very Respectfully,

Richard Jones and Family.

